

SO THEN  
THE RANGER *DOVE*  
*OUT* OF HIS FLAMING  
PLANE 30,000 FEET  
IN THE AIR.

THOSE WAR PLANES  
COULD TAKE A LOT OF  
DAMAGE, BUT HIS GOT  
HIT DIRECTLY IN THE FUEL  
TANK. AS HE *DOVE* OUT AND  
*DOWNWARD* TOWARDS  
THE *GROUND* HE  
SHED A TEAR.





**NO! NO ONE IS AS  
GOOD AS HE IS. NO ONE  
CLIMBING TOWARD THE  
COCKPIT. HE SWINGS  
HIMSELF UP, KICKING THE  
PILOT IN THE FACE.**



*DANIEL?*



**HE'S  
CRAZY.**

THAT PLANE HAD  
GOTTEN HIM THROUGH SO  
MANY BATTLES AND NOW IT  
HAD GONE UP IN FLAMES. HE  
ALMOST DIDN'T CARE WHAT  
BECAME OF HIM NOW...

SO THE GROUND  
WAS RUSHING UP AT HIM  
FASTER AND FASTER. AND  
*THEN HE SAW IT.*



***WHAT?***

*THE ENEMY FIGHTER, THE ONE WHO SHOT  
DOWN HIS BEAUTIFUL PLANE, HIS LIFE. NOW  
HE HAD A REASON TO LIVE...REVENGE.*

**Writer- Shaun Noel**  
**Penciler- A.K. Lovelace**  
**Inker- Mark Morales**  
**Colorist- Heather Brekel**  
**Letterer- Jaymes Reed**

**A Citizen Kow Production**

Read the comics on **LINE WEBTOON**  
to support the artists!  
[www.webtoons.com](http://www.webtoons.com)



C

ITY  
OF

WALLS

**Episode 3**

DANIEL,  
THEY'RE GONE.  
IT'S *OK*.











HE CIRCLES AROUND  
TO FIND HIMSELF IN AN  
ENEMY PLANE FACING HIS  
OWN SQUADRON. WITH NO  
WAY TO SIGNAL THEM THAT  
HE IS ONE OF THEIR OWN-



DEATH IS CERTAIN.

AND?

AND  
WHAT? THAT'S  
IT.

WELL  
HOW DID HE  
GET *BACK*? DIDN'T  
HIS MEN *SHOOT*  
AT HIM?

BUT YOUR  
CANDY. I DIDN'T  
*MEAN...*

THAT'S  
OK, DANIEL.






HE WAS RUSTY IN THIS DIALECT  
BUT HE COULD TELL IT WAS A  
MAYDAY CALL TELLING HIM TO  
LOOK TO HIS RIGHT. HE SEES IT.



**BUT HOW COULD HE? HE COULDN'T  
SEE ANYTHING THROUGH THE CLOUDS;  
HE COULDN'T EVEN HEAR ANYTHING  
EXCEPT THE LOUD ENGINE... WAIT!**

**WHAT,  
WHAT?**



**HE LANDED ON A PLANE  
THAT WAS DIRECTLY BELOW  
HIM. HE NEARLY BREAKS HIS  
ARM HOLDING ON FOR DEAR  
LIFE. IT'S GOING SO FAST.**

**OH NO! HE LANDED ON AN ENEMY  
FIGHTER. EVEN NOW A BULLET FROM  
HIS OWN MEN GRAZES HIS HEAD AND  
PUNCTURES A HOLE IN THE WING.**



YEAH...

WOW.

...SO WHAT  
DID HIS PLANE  
LOOK LIKE?

...

***YOU FORGOT  
SOMETHING!***







THAT  
WAS PRETTY  
COOL.

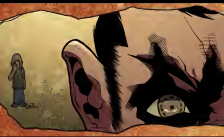
YEAH?

YEAH  
THEY'RE PROBABLY  
RUNNING TO THEIR  
*MOMMIES.*












*SHOVING ASIDE HIS UNCONSCIOUS ENEMY,  
OUR HERO GRABS THE CONTROLS  
AND HEADS BACK TOWARDS HIS MEN.  
SUDDENLY A RADIO CALL COMES IN.*



HE HOLDS ON AND PULLS  
HIMSELF TOWARDS THE COCKPIT.  
THE ENEMY HASN'T SEEN... OH  
WAIT HE'S BEEN SPOTTED.

THE PILOT LUNGES  
DOWNWARD, TAKING AWAY  
OUR HERO'S BREATH. THEY  
BOTH PLUMMET TOWARDS  
THE EARTH.



SPINNING AND FALLING OUR HERO IS  
AMAZED AT THE DARING OF THIS PILOT.  
HE IS GOOD, ALMOST AS GOOD AS...

I DON'T KNOW.  
I GUESS HIS MEN SAW  
HIM LAND ON THE OTHER  
PLANE AND RECOGNIZED  
HIM. I HAVEN'T THOUGHT  
OF IT YET.



YOU MADE  
THAT UP? ALL THIS  
*TIME* YOU...

**RACE  
YA.**

